



EMBELLISHED QUARTERLY, WITH A HANDSOME ENGRAVING.

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NO. 3.

### POPULAR TALES.

#### FORT BRADDOCK LETTERS.

(Continued.)

##### NO. V.

Through the assemblage of armed men at the garrison, Weshop held his way, without stopping to make inquiries: for his eye conjectured the meaning of all that he saw. He went directly to Van Tromp's room and found him alone. With a motion of the hand, which native feeling rendered graceful, he introduced to one another, these long separated friends, who fairly rushed into each other's arms, and shed tears of joy at so unexpected a meeting. Du Quesne who felt at the moment happier, perhaps, than he had ever been before, pointed in silence to the Indian as his deliverer; and Van Tromp was astonished at the success of his achievement, and additionally grateful on this emergency, because he should have the assistance of his friend. He clasped the hand of Weshop strongly, and looking full upon his quiet features, while his own were agitated with different emotions, spoke to him a few words in Indian to which Weshop replied, for he loved to hear the sound of his native tongue, particularly from Van Tromp.

The Patroon, for so was Van Tromp commonly called, relaxed his grasp, and left the Indian to supply his wants, and consult his pleasure: adding only, 'You will not go?' 'No,' said the warrior, 'not now, perhaps never.' The two friends, left to themselves, commenced that sort of conversation which was natural on the occasion, in the course of which they explained, each to the other, whatever was the subject of mutual inquiry, till Du Quesne declared that as it was the first undisturbed moment that he had enjoyed for long and long before, he would retire. 'What a luxury,' said he 'once more to sleep in safety after all my troubles.'

'But you will wait for the evening service,' said the Patroon, 'the drum beats in a few moments.' 'What do you muster your men for exercise?' 'No—our people shoot best

without a manual, but we meet, men, women, and children, when the drum beats, for prayers.' 'What, and the Indians too? I should think they would be disorderly.' 'They are full as quiet as the rest. We have with us a young clergyman by the name of Elliot, from Massachusetts, who performs part of his service in their language; and there is no doubt they are benefitted by his instruction. They only require attention.'

'The Indians,' said Du Quesne, 'seem a mysterious people, about whom little can be known, though they swarm about us in such numbers. They are savage, blood thirsty, and implacable. I don't think they can ever be civilized.' 'What think you of that specimen which came to you in prison?' said Van Tromp. 'Ah! that indeed—think of him? he is a wonder any where—I owe him my life. That man could redeem his tribe if they were all murderers.' 'He has been cultivated some,' said Van Tromp, 'but you may one day see him use his tomahawk, and bow, and not wait your bidding, or ask your advice; and use the rifle too, with as little remorse as any of his countrymen. One reason why so little has ever been known about the Indians, is that they will not communicate. They have a religion, it is certain; and I suspect they observe their articles of faith, though they seldom tell what they are, not for want of language, for if you understand their language you will find it sufficiently copious; and if you listen to their conversation, you will be convinced that the sounds are softer than those of any other tongue that is spoken. When the English undertake to write them in words, they fairly exhaust their liquids and vowels, and the reader who is acquainted with the spoken language, is as much at a loss to utter it, as if he stood at a desk of printers' types; I have heard a better speech from an Indian chief, than that Greek oration of Dudley's *Periton Indianon*, but I forget my Greek, and I could not think of the word for civilized, if it was to civilize the whole tribe. Hark the drum beats, you will know more of these in time—let us go.'

The religious service of the evening was performed, and the friends retired; Du Quesne to a repose, which after his fatigue, was as sweet as the sleep of infancy, and Van Tromp, to visit his new inmates and to go the rounds of his duty—after which, at the winding of a horn the garrison was silent.

Meanwhile Weshop, after eating and drinking among the people, and learning the particulars of the gathering, was retiring to the kitchen where he meant to spend the night. One Jonathan Hodges, a Yankee man, had taken up his quarters with Shadrach, and the black was just saying to him, 'I wonder what's become of our runaway Indian,' as the door opened. 'Ah here he comes,' continued the speaker, 'glad to see you old friend, help yourself,' as Weshop unasked was taking up their mug of cider, the remains of which he drank without stopping for breath. 'Well, Weshop, said Jonathan, 'what's the news; you must have been somewhere by the strange gentleman I saw tagging at your heels—who was he, Weshop; I say, Weshop, who was he?' 'Why don't you tell him, dumbhead,' said the black, ('can't get nothing out of him;') or here, help clear away these things,—never was so poor a tool in a house as an Indian.'

'Come, Bearskin,' said Jonathan, 'clear your clam with some more cider, and give us the news. Did you see any thing of my brindle cow that I lost last June? I always thought Jim Staines shot that cow for a grudge he owed me, or I owed him.'

'My name an't Bearskin, it's Weshop, I hav'nt seen your cow.' 'Nobody cares for your name,' was the reply—'Blueskin, Red-bird, Yellowlegs: any thing is name enough for an Indian—the name of an Indian!' and he muttered it very much as Dr. Doubty does 'the form of a hat!'

Weshop motioned towards an unfinished hoehandle that stood in the corner.

'What, going to strike?' said Jonathan, 'they talk about civilizing the Indians! bless my soul—I'd rather tame that wild cat that I shot night before last.' 'One thing I'll say for Weshop,' said the black, 'he an't a talking man.' 'No,' said Jonathan, 'but to hear 'em yell in the woods, as I have done, a body would think they *could* talk. There is an oddity among people of different colors.' 'Talk to Shadrach about colors,' said the Indian. 'Different colors is nothing,' said the black. 'O no—its owing to heat, and cold, and shade, and the sun, and moon, and the seven stars; but there is a difference among nations,' said Jonathan, 'though, by the way, I was never out of this.' 'Pray Jonathan,' said Shadrach 'how many nations are there?' 'Ten thousand; but what is that to you? brush your master's boots, and have the guns in order for the hunting that is to be on Thursday; but put out the candle now—don't you hear the horn blowing for nine o'clock? Weshop has turned in I see, and I'll follow his example.'

So saying, Jonathan walked towards his bunk on one side of the kitchen, muttering something about Shadrach, Mesheck, and Abednego.

All was still, when Weshop, who awoke at the slightest noise, heard the howling of a dog at the door. 'Get up, Shadrach, and let in Dash.' The Negro delayed some time, till the loudness of the dog's cries urged him to open the door. 'Lay down, Dash,' said he, as the dog bounced into the room; but he was not to be quietted. He overturned stools and benches, howled, returned to the door, and then back, till the astonished Negro exclaimed 'the dog is mad.' 'Something is the matter,' said the Indian, 'where is your master?' Shadrach lighted a candle, and the Indian springing on his feet, opened the inner door, and followed by the dog, went directly to the bedroom of Van Tromp. It was empty, and the bed had not been occupied during the night. He roused Du Quesne, and told his conjectures. The newly arrived guest, with the advice of his late guide, led the way, and kept close to the dog, set out upon a search without disturbing the garrison: attended by Shadrach and Jonathan.

A few who had been detained for the duty of a night watch, waited to prepare lanterns and horses, and soon overtook the party in advance, but as they found themselves at a loss in the dark, it was agreed to take the dog for a guide. Weshop tied a string to his collar, and hastened along at as round a trot as the horseman dared to venture.

After passing through woods and underbrush, they came to something like a path, which led along the brow of a steep declivity, whose sides were covered with bushes, and too dark to be seen. The turf was broken at the edge of the bank, and there were some deep prints of a horse's hoofs. Weshop let slip the dog, and followed him down the descent, supporting himself by the way with shrubs and stones. The result of the search was soon known. Van Tromp's horse lay dead from the fall, and he was almost senseless. He was carefully conveyed to the garrison, without unnecessary disturbance; and as Jonathan and Shadrach were again betaking themselves to rest, they wondered what he could have been doing there at that time of night.

Van Tromp had rode out of the garrison, soon after sunset, for the purpose, as those who saw him supposed, of reconnoitering the country. His departure was noticed only by a few, who might be elsewhere at his return: and the constant hurrying and shifting from place to place among the new comers, left every one to suppose, when the horn blew, that *all was well*, as the sentinel on his duty declared. A large black dog, was the only attendant that followed his master.

The manuscript which is unusually brief in this spot, makes mention of a family in the neighbourhood, where an elderly lady resided, and a young lady lived, too, of uncommon beauty and accomplishments; and adds that,



in peaceful times, Van Tromp, for want of more edifying company, occasionally rode that way. How that may have been, is rather to be conjectured from the residue of the story. The immediate result of the night's adventure was, that he was so badly bruised as to be scarcely able to turn himself in bed; and it was certain he could not attend the hunting, which was to take place three days after.

This hunting was not the common sporting chase after a fox, or a tame deer, nor did the skill which it required, depend on leaping fences, or clearing ditches. It was not a search after 'a partridge among the mountains';—provision, until more quiet times, was to be made for nearly ninety souls, including women and children; an extent of dangerous country was to be scoured, embracing what was called the Iroquois hunting ground, and the still rougher tract beyond; and a fortnight might be consumed in the enterprise. Meanwhile the garrison would be stripped of its men, except a few for immediate service, and left to the family discipline of old and young women.

'I shall not be able to hunt with you, Du Quesne,' said Van Tromp, 'and you'll find it a bad job for a beginner.' 'I hope you'll find your hurt not serious,' said he. 'I shall not be able to endure it,' was the reply; 'but, after all, my mind torments me most. I have a dreadful apprehension, Du Quesne. This accident warns me that I may meet with others, and for fear of what may happen, must make you my confidant. What think you I took this ride for! I'll tell you. About five miles off, at a place near the lake which the Indians call Manhaddock, and in the French, Point au Fer—but no matter for the name—is a family, which, except servants and laborers, consists of a lady, and girl by the name of Dubourg. She was the daughter of a French officer, who commanded a post on the lines, I believe.

He married somewhere on the Hudson, and lost his wife, and was then ordered aboard—but psbaw! 'what care you for that?' 'Any thing that interests you, I care for,' said Du Quesne. 'O! it's no interest of mine—that is, it would be very neglectful in me to leave such a family, so helpless, at such a time; so I meant to have brought the old lady and her people here. But Du Quesne,' added he, lowering his voice, 'the house and buildings are burnt to the ground; and what can have become of the girl—so beautiful, I wish you could have seen her—A horrid suspicion came across my mind, as I wept over the spot. I raked the ashes, not knowing but I might find human bones.'

Van Tromp made a pause of some moments, which Du Quesne did not interrupt. He proceeded. 'There is one chance; the New-England troops were to assemble on the other side of the lake; and it may be, that they are there already. If so, these people may have gone down the water, to their protection. But

what I meant to say— If any thing befalls me, remember to find them out, and take care of them if they are living.'

#### NO. VI.

'A famous hunting once there did  
In Chevy Chase befall.'

The two succeeding days were employed by the Garrison at the Blasted Tree in busy preparations for their hunting expedition.—Provisions, blankets, runlets and knapsacks, were got ready—several horses were loaded, guns and ammunition, bows, arrows, axes, &c. were put in order, with a view to as much comfort, as was consistent with spending their nights in the woods. They arranged themselves in three bodies, which were to keep the same general direction, at no greater distance from one another, if practicable, than would admit of their meeting at night. Indeed for the two first nights, they appointed their rendezvous, and as they did so, they talked of Buffalo paths and prairies, and beaver ponds, and wolf dens, and Indian names which are now where to be found on the map.

It was expressly forbidden to blow a horn or a bugle except in case of imminent danger. Du Quesne and Weshop, were to head one party, Jonathan and Shadrach another, and the third was to be directed by some of their sturdy neighbours. Thus equipped, our adventurers sallied forth at day break on their perilous and fatiguing duty.

The incidents of this hunt made a lasting impression on the memories of all who survived it; and Shadrach in after days, charmed many a breathless listener, as he smoked his pipe in the chimney corner, and told this hunting story. The manuscript is less minute. It seems that the game was abundant, consisting principally of the moose and common deer, the bear and the buffalo—sometimes the wolf or the wild cat would fall in the way of the hunters.

During this time, the parties sometimes met and were sometimes separated. Weshop and Du Quesne were apart from the rest, but kept near one another, from a sense of duty on the part of the Indian, and of dependance on the part of Du Quesne, who always missed his way, when he missed his guide, and was in constant danger of losing himself in the woods.

The attention of Weshop, was suddenly arrested by the actions of a small spaniel dog that kept at his heels—and then by a slight rustling noise in the thicket. He made a sign to Du Quesne not to stir, and crept softly among the bushes, where he saw several of the hostile Indians, and had convincing proof that there were many of them in the neighbourhood.

He perceived the nature of his danger, and guessed the extent of it. Without being discovered, he made good his retreat to Du Quesne, and with his finger on his lip, led his noiseless way to a place where the heavy timbered upland joins the edge of a large natural meadow that extended farther than the eye could reach, and was covered with a course

jointed grass, which grew thick, and in most places taller than a man's head.—Weshop explained the danger, and said they must take means to notify and assemble their party, and instantly retreat for the garrison. 'But tell them,' added he, 'to avoid the direct course, for between the Lion's Tail (which was the name given to the extremity of a long ridge of hills,) and the beaver ponds, that pass will be guarded. I would rather risque the *run* than the *ambush*.'

It is proper to observe, that when a party of the settlers and a party of the Indians discovered each other in the woods, the weaker was pursued by the stronger, without any hope of mercy if they were overtaken, and with little chance that the pursuers would relinquish their object until the flying enemy should gain a place of safety. Day after day sometimes, would the hurried and fearful march be kept up, usually in Indian file, from the difficulty of the way, and the necessary caution of leaving as few signs as possible, by which the pursuers could discover their course. This was termed *running the Indians*, or being run by the Indians, depending as a lawyer would say, on who was the party Plaintiff, and who was the party Defendant.

Our two wary hunters moved with extreme caution through the high grass, lest the waving motion of the top should detect them as with all their caution, it probably did. It was not till they came to the buffalo path, that Weshop directed his friend to blow his bugle, and himself set up the Indian cry of alarm, which he continued as he went, to give a hint of the direction he was taking. The hunters began to fall in from different quarters, and the horns and bugles were heard in several directions. It was determined that they should attempt their flight in three divisions, and by different routes, so as to divide, and perhaps confuse their pursuers. Du Quesne and his party were under the guidance of Weshop, who set off again at a brisk trot for the head of the lake. 'Quick, quick,' said the Indian, 'the woods will soon be on fire, and this day the grass will flash like gunpowder. See the smoke there and there; we must get out of the grass; don't wait for it to kindle.' He kept near the eastern border that he might have it in his power to escape being burnt alive; but all his speed and caution were nearly in vain. The fire was now seen darting its streams to the top of the pines and hemlocks, and leaping with the activity that belongs to that element, from one dry tree to another, till the woods were in a blaze—seizing the tallest trees that crowned the little head-lands, and breaking them, as if by manual force. It caught the grass in several places at once. Without stopping to consume the fuel before them, the long pointed flames, darted and kindled as they touched. The wind rose with the fire, and the wild animals who seek in these spots their food and shelter, were seen and heard with cries and bellowings, to fly before it.

It often happens, that the deer are overtaken at full speed, and consumed by the flames before they reach the upland, while the waves of this fiery deluge pass over them.

The hunting party had already turned to the east short of reaching the place of their destination: and had scarcely gained a dry ridge, when the whole plain was one continued sea of fire. A strong current of air was raised by the heat, which occasioned a roar much resembling heavy thunder. The senses of Du Quesne were confounded. He dared hardly turn his eyes to this dreadful conflagration, which threatened to consume the spot on which he stood. He trod close to the steps of Weshop, who was now certain that the hostile Indians were on his track, and whose only hope rested on gaining the lake. Every nerve was strained; partly from the heat, and partly from exertion, Du Quesne was ready to fall, when he sprained his ankle and dropped.

'Leave me, Weshop,' said he, as the sweat poured from his body, 'escape if you can, but lay me in the bushes, and depart, perhaps they may pass me by.' Weshop cast on him one look of agony, as he said 'a man who falls in the run is never heard from again.' He took him by the arm, and sometimes carried him on his shoulders, till they found themselves cut off from their party, and surprised and taken by a party of the pursuing Indians. As Du Quesne moved with difficulty, his fate was for a moment uncertain; but the encampment of the enemy happened to be near and Weshop was compelled to assist his companion in keeping up with the party.

They arrived about nightfall, at a spot near the left bank of the Saranac, where that stream which is full of falls and rapids, passes between high hills, and is bounded by a country which corresponds with the troubled motion of its waters. Several wigwams were disposed under the shelter of a rocky height, the face of which was nearly perpendicular, and whose top was thinly covered with savin bushes that seemed looking down as they bent over the brink. The warriors immediately betook themselves to eating and sleeping; some in the wigwams, and some round loose fires which were already kindled, where the squaws, and *shantops* and *pappooses* (as the larger and smaller children are called,) stood ready to welcome their friends.

Weshop and Du Quesne were secured in one of those natural caverns or openings in the rock, which are common in this vicinity, and which the Indians with a little labour often convert into places of residence—they generally resort to them in times of danger as affording shelter and safety.

The narrow entrance was strongly secured and they were left to conjecture their approaching fate. Du Quesne bewailed the continual misfortunes in which he seemed to have involved himself, and those with whom he had been and was connected, and compared his



present misery with his more tolerable imprisonment at New-Amsterdam, from which his fellow sufferer had released him.

'What,' said he, 'will these wretches do with us? shall we be tortured and murdered, Weshop? I have heard they roast their prisoners—I have heard even worse than that!' Weshop slowly replied, 'they can get pay for a white man, if they carry him to the next French town, but me,' said he firmly, 'they will burn.'

'Oh!' said Du Quesne in horror, 'God forbid—tell them, *I beg of you*, if they carry me as a prisoner among civilized men, to wait till I can send your ransom. You shall be ransomed if it takes all the property at Blasted Tree, if it costs the evacuation of the whole country, if it costs my life; certainly they can ask no more,'—and he groaned with anguish.

'Twill do no good,' was the answer. 'I once escaped before; may be they won't save you.' He paused and then continued. 'Do not let the white men say, that the good are happy as soon as they die?'

'Yes.'

'We believe it takes seven days, to go to the country of good spirits, after that I expect to see you and know you, if you should be alive, but I can't make you see me, nor know me.'

Du Quesne was unable to reply.

Weshop seemed more inclined to talk than usual. His notions were wild and fanciful, but his manner was serious: and particularly was it affecting, to one who was likewise endeavoring to prepare himself for the same awful trial. In the course of the next day, Du Quesne was surprised to see him produce his tomahawk, which he had artfully contrived to secure to his arm, by a fold of his blanket, so that it escaped the notice of his enemies.

The Indians who held them prisoners, were only a detachment of those who had surprised the hunting party. Most of them, as it afterwards appeared, had made directly for the garrison, where this division was soon to join them. It was led by a warrior named Tantinnock, whose business it was to execute or otherwise dispose of such as were made captive, according to the sentence of the sagamores, or elders. This Indian came into the cave towards the evening of the second day. His appearance showed he had been preparing for some unusual occasion. The expression of triumph in his features was made more ferocious, by stains and streaks of different coloured paints with which his face was disfigured or adorned according to the taste of the beholder. His head was decked with feathers, and his nose, ears, ankles, and wrists with rings and shells, and strings of beads. He told Weshop, with an appearance of great satisfaction, that at midnight he would lead him out to his tormentors. The warrior heard his sentence with seeming indifference, and even reproached his enemy with weakness and cowardice. Every sensation of anguish was now felt by

Du Quesne, in the extreme. He had no consolation to bestow, for he felt that he needed much, and he watched over Weshop in bewildered silence. The 'stoic of the woods' lay stretched upon the straw, where he slept till awakened by the approach of his midnight visitor. Tantinnock had a tomahawk in one hand, and a pine knot burning in the other. He stood over his prisoner as he rose, and making signs for him to follow, led the way from the cavern.

The small cavity in the rock where they were, communicated outward by a very narrow passage, or cleft in the ledge, with room for but one person to walk at once. Du Quesne cast a look upon the departing hero, but it was not answered, and he was about to turn his eyes, when just as Weshop entered the passage, the broad glare of the torch light showed the tomahawk in his hand. He struck with his whole force a single blow, which needed not repeating. The weapon sunk into the head of the foremost Indian who fell instantly dead. Weshop put his finger to his lip, as he returned to Du Quesne, with a look that showed him to be, at that instant, perfectly happy. 'Turn to the right,' said he, 'as soon as we get out; don't be afraid, but jump down the rocks to the gap in the bank where the canoes are. I must move a little towards the fires with the torch.' Du Quesne instantly obeyed. His ankle was now strong, and his agony of mind for the last two nights had prepared him to welcome any danger, and defy any hazard. He turned round the corner of the ledge, jumped, and sprang, and fell several times, rose, and exerted all his might, reckless of danger, to reach the narrow landing place, where he knew such was Weshop's activity, that his friend, unless taken, would be found.

Some of the ridges of the rock which fell towards the river in different tiers, or *strata*, were so high and difficult that he appeared to have fallen, with occasional intermission, the whole way. Weshop reached the spot nearly at the same moment. The snow was falling very thick and fast, so that an object could not be distinctly seen but a small distance off. Weshop had left his torch in the cleft of a tree burning, and now contrived himself to get off with a canoe, and stave holes with his tomahawk through the bottom of several others. Du Quesne remembered his old posture, and dropped in the bottom of the boat, which his active pilot soon conducted to the middle of the stream. The river was little more than a succession of rapids and falls, which made their progress as dangerous as it was speedy. The little barge of birch and splinters held its onward way, like the charmed egg-shell of the Lapland witches. The noise was now heard of the Indians, now gathered on the bank of the river, firing the few fire-arms that they had, and raising their cries above the roar of the waters and the storm; but the motion of

the boat could not be perceived, and the rushing of a frigate through the waves would have been drowned by the violence of the storm, and the dash of the torrent; and the boat shot over the rapids with the boundless velocity of an arrow from the string. There was a desperate plunge soon to be taken over a fall below. Du Quesne was directed to make himself fast to the boat with a cord, that in any event they might not be separated from their only hope. The precaution was not in vain. The boat in the dark plunged over the fall, and fell so swift as to rob him of his breath. He fell down-right without knowing where the descent would stop, till he found himself plunged in the river and covered nearly to drowning by water, under which he felt himself drawn by the rope. The boat had turned sideways and had filled—so that the slightest weight would have sunk it but for the current that pressed it forward. Weshop told him to hold on, and both clung to the canoe till they came to the edge of a shelving shore where the water eddied round a point, and the Indian touched the bottom with his feet. Their united efforts drew the skiff on shore, emptied it, and launched it again buoyant upon the stream. The Indian kept it steady while Du Quesne got in, and then sprung lightly over the stern, and continued his course till he reached the peaceful bosom of lake Champlain. They were now far southward of the Chazy, and made no doubt the garrison was so beleaguered that any attempt to join it, would expose them to certain capture. Du Quesne knew so as to describe to Weshop, nearly the place where the New-England troops were to rendezvous.

'We must cross the lake and find 'em' said the Indian, as he stood balancing in the stern.

'Van Tromp wants 'em. The enemy is around him so that there's no coming out or going in. The Oneidas and Mohawks will burn and murder every living soul: without help, they will leave nothing but ashes, so let us push for the New-England troops.'

Our adventurers accordingly continued their course across the lake, where for the present we must leave them; for the connexion of events require that we should now shift our scenery to another, and distant part of the country, and leave for a space our northern friends, that we may bring up to the same period, the fortunes of Dudley;—who it will be remembered was in the league of friendship at Saybrook college.

(To be Continued.)

## BIOGRAPHY.

### 'Look on this picture, and on this.'

The two most prominent military chieftains of Europe at the present time are *Diebitsch*, the Russian General, whose laurels lately gathered in Turkey seem destined to wither in Poland, and *Skrzynecki*, whose recent and glorious triumph over the former has suddenly turned the eyes of the world upon him. The following sketches of these distinguished men—the one copied from a letter of a London paper's Warsaw correspondent, and the other

from an article in the London *Athenæum*—will be perused with interest at the present time, when such a lively concern is felt in whatever is connected with Poland, or throws any light on the prospects or resources of her brave people.—*N. Y. Evening Post*.

### SKETCH OF SKRZYNECKI.

General John Skrzynecki was born in Galicia in 1787, and studied at Leopold. When the French army entered Poland in 1806, Skrzynecki, then 19 years of age, left his father's house and enlisted in the 1st regiment of infantry, commanded by Col. Kasimir Malachowski, now general of division, who lately covered himself with so much glory.—At the opening of the memorable campaign of 1809, in the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, under Prince Joseph Poniatowski, Skrzynecki was raised to the rank of captain in the 16th regiment, then formed by Prince Constantine Czartoryski. In the campaign of Moscow, in 1812, he was appointed chief of battalion; and in 1813 and 1814 he gave repeated proofs of his talent and intrepidity. It was in the hollow square of his battalion that Napoleon took shelter at Aroissur-Aube, when the regiments of the young guard gave way. The Polish soldiers transferred the precious deposit to the French corps which arrived soon after, and Skrzynecki charging the enemy, under the eyes of the Emperor, beat them back with considerable loss. Appointed Knight of the Legion of Honor, and of the Military order of Poland, Skrzynecki returned to his country with the remnants of the Polish troops, and obtained the command of the 8th regiment of infantry, in the 2d brigade of general Ignacio Blumer, the same who received eighteen balls through his body on the night of the 29th November.—Skrzynecki has distinguished himself on several occasions since the commencement of the present campaign, and his brilliant conduct in the great battles of February have raised him to the highest distinction a soldier could pretend to.

[General Chlopicki, after the battles alluded to, deemed Skrzynecki best qualified to conduct the war, resigned the command in his favor; and his conduct since has sufficiently shown the correctness of Chlopicki's estimate.]

*Skrzynecki*.—The messenger des Chambers, Paris paper, instructs us that the proper way of pronouncing the name of the Polish hero is as if it was spelled—Skrejinetski.

### SKETCH OF DIEBITSCH.

Field-marshal Count Diebitsch is a little, fat plethoric looking man, something less than five feet high; he has a very large head, with long hair, small piercing eyes, and a complexion of the deepest scarlet, alike expressive of his devotion to cold punch, and of a certain irascibility of temper which has elicited from the troops, to his proud title of Kabalconsky, or the Trans-Balkanian, the additional one of the Semavar, or the tea-kettle. I have said that Count Diebitsch owes his fortune to his face;



the sequel will show how. He is the second son of a Prussian officer who was on the staff of Frederick. At an early age he entered the Russian army, and obtained a company in the Imperial Guard. It was at this time that the King of Prussia came on a visit to the Russian Autocrat, and it so happened that it was Capt. Diebitsch's tour of duty to mount guard on the royal visiter.—The emperor foresaw the ridiculous figure the little Captain would cut at the head of the tall grenadiers, and desired a friend delicately to hint to him that it would be agreeable to his imperial master if he would resign the guard to a brother officer. Away goes the friend, meets the little Captain, and bluntly tells him that the emperor wishes him not to mount guard with his company, for, added he, *L'Empereur dit, et il faut convenir, que vous avez l'exterieur terrible.* This 'delicate hint,' that his exterior was too terrible to be seen at the head of troops not remarkable for good looks, so irritated the future hero of the Balkan, that, with his natural warmth of temper, he begged to resign, not his tour of duty only, but the commission he held in the Russian army; and being a Prussian, and not a Russian subject, desired to be allowed to return to his native country.—The Emperor Alexander, who appears to have formed a just estimation of his talents, easily found means to pacify him, by giving him promotion in the line.—He subsequently made himself so useful in that part of the service where beauty was not indispensable, that the late Emperor placed him at the head of the general staff, which situation he held when the reigning Emperor appointed him to succeed Count Wittgenstein in the chief command.

### MISCELLANEOUS.

#### PUZZLING A PAINTER.

Garrick once sat for his picture to Gainsborough, whose talents he did not admire, and puzzled him by altering the expression of his face. Every time the artist turned his back the actor put on a change of countenance, till the former in a passion dashed his pencils on the floor and cried, 'I believe I am painting from the devil rather than from a man.'

A virtuous man who has passed through the temptations of the world, may be compared to the fish who lives all the time in salt water, yet is still fresh.

An Englishman was telling an Irishman about the hour for dining being so late in his country. 'Pooh!' says Pat, 'we bate that in Ireland, for we always wait till the next morning.'

'How do you do, Cuff?' said a coloured gentleman to one of his *crow-nies* the other day: 'Why you no come to see a feller? If I lib as near you, as you do to me, I'd come to

see you ebery day.' 'O caus,' replied smut, 'my wife patch my trowserlooon so al to pieces, I shamed to go no wheres.'

### RURAL REPOSITORY.

SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1831.

**Whaling.**—The whale ship, Alexander Mansfield, Capt. Francis Neils, who was first mate before, sailed on Monday the 20th ult. for the South Atlantic Ocean, on another whaling voyage. She has four boats and a crew of thirty active young men. The Meteor, commanded by Capt. Bennet, the former master of the Mansfield, is also ready for sea. She is a few tons larger than the Mansfield, has the same number of boats and men and is bound on the same voyage. These two ships have been nobly fitted out and are well manned. We hope their success will be in proportion.

**Postage.**—Persons addressing us through the Post-Office, are reminded that their communications must be post-paid in future to receive attention. It is an 'evil under the sun' of which we must complain, that on letters containing remittances, though enclosing but One Dollar, the postage is often but half paid, and frequently not paid at all, thereby unnecessarily, and we think unjustly, subjecting us to a heavy tax.

#### LETTERS CONTAINING REMITTANCES.

Received at this office, from Agents and others, for the Eighth Volume, ending June 25th.

W. Bement, M. Howell, F. W. Priest, J. L. Lake, W. M'Robert, H. Cobb, E. Spencer, Mrs. Groat, Blade & Baker, J. Byrne, E. Case, Albany, each \$1; C. Gregory, O. C. Hall, R. M'Chesney, A. Rowland, T. H. Brower, J. P. Noxon, S. Hendrick, J. E. Keeler, C. Gardner, W. C. Halsted, J. & G. Gilchrist, D. C. Rodgers, H. B. Larkum, A. Bidwell, A. H. Free, H. V. Baldwin, M. Kelly, Troy, each \$1; S. D. Ward, P. M. Hadley, Ms. \$1; S. Bascomb, Boston, Ms. \$1; R. Case, P. M. Gunderland, N. Y. \$1; J. S. Bellows, Walspole, N. H. \$1; S. Barrett, Sauquoit, N. Y. \$1; J. W. Cory, East Richfield, N. Y. \$1; A. Peck, Jun. Halfmoon, N. Y. \$3; J. G. Williams, Deerfield, Ms. \$10; D. C. Parmele, Havana, N. Y. \$1; P. Broadhead, Oswego N. Y. \$1; J. Wilson Jun. P. M. Waterford Ms. \$1; S. R. Wells, Middleburgh N. Y. \$1; G. Powers New York, \$1; A. Thompson, P. M. Anaquasscook, N. Y. \$2; J. Wadsworth, P. M. Pittstown, N. Y. \$1; S. Randall, P. M. Antwerp, N. Y. \$5; Z. Greene, Danube N. Y. \$1; I. Maxon, Athens, Ohio \$2; J. Norton, Bennington, Vt. \$1; O. S. Wadsworth, West Becket, Ms. \$1; C. S. Woodward, Mount Hope, N. Y. \$2; C. Broadhead, Clermont, N. Y. \$1; T. Whitney, P. M. Magnolia, N. Y. \$1; A. Skinner, P. M. Brookfield, Ms. \$2; W. Walker, Jamestown, N. Y. \$5; E. Connel, P. M. Coventryville, N. Y. \$1; G. Hastings, Suffield, Ct. \$1; E. Elmendorph, Lower Red Hook, \$2; G. C. Willow, New London, Ct. \$5; W. T. Smith, Gallupville N. Y. \$1; S. Smith, Shrewsbury, Ms. \$2; H. B. Brawley, Ames, Ohio, \$1; J. H. Barnard, Union Village, N. Y. \$1; P. D. Swords, P. M. New Hamburg, N. Y. \$2; M. Rathbun, New Hartford, N. Y. \$1; A. H. Dow, Frankfort, N. Y. \$1; A. Jones, Rush, Monroe Co. N. Y. \$1; N. B. Hinsdell, Bennington, Vt. \$1; H. R. Bowers, P. M. Tuscarora, N. Y. \$3; S. Cummings, Farmersville, N. Y. \$1; E. Northrop, Greenbush, N. Y. \$1; J. J. Tillinghast, Wrentham, Ms. \$1; J. Outwater, P. M. P. W. Miller, J. G. Childs, Red Hook Landing, each \$1; M. Hutman, E. Woodruff, A. Kerney, A. H. Smith, W. H. Trumbull, J. M. Horton, M. Rider, L. Fosmire, Saugerties, each \$1; W. Vassal, J. Van Keuren, W. Hedden, A. D. Griffin, A. M. Cornell, J. Wing, H. Veltman, W. M. Hunt, O. T. Leighty, R. A. Hatfield, M. C. Coleman, W. C. Southwick, G. Mead, R. Weeks, E. W. Free, Poughkeepsie, each 1; J. Paulding & Co. S. E. Cantine, A. E. Van Keuren, E. R. Boyer, D. L. Wells, W. H. Dederick, Kingston, each \$1; W. W. Jones, P. M. Canaan Centre, N. Y. \$5; J. Labhart, Constantia, N. Y. \$1; J. Barnard, Peru, Vt. \$1; J. Peet, Volney, N. Y. \$1; M. B. Wood, Elma, N. Y. \$1; L. Mabbitt, Granville, N. Y. \$1; E. Hall, Hall's Corners, N. Y. \$1; J. Wilson, Hallowell, U. C. \$5.

#### SUMMARY.

**Emigration to Canada.**—Up to Saturday last, the number of Emigrants arrived at Quebec was twenty eight thousand one hundred and thirty-four.

A second edition of Mrs. Lincoln's popular Lectures upon Botany—an elementary book designed for schools—has just been published by the Messrs. Huntington's, of Hartford.

A field of corn which obtained a premium in Essex county, was hoed three times, but not hilled. It is stated that corn not hilled stands drought better.

#### MARRIED.

In this city, on Wednesday the 24<sup>th</sup> ult. by the Rev. Mr. Whitcomb, Mr. Henry Murray to Miss Maria Carpenter.

In New York, on Tuesday, by the Rev. Dr. Spring, Mr. Edward C. Gray, of Liverpool, England, to Miss Cornelia L. Fulton daughter of the late Robert Fulton.



## POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

### DESPONDENCY.

My soul is dark with gathering fears,  
The sorrows of the past unite,  
With boding views of future years,  
To overwhelm my soul in starless night.  
O, vain and empty is the world!  
How false is its delusive show;  
The gaudy triumph of an hour  
Purchased by years of toil and woe!  
Ye stars that light ambition's way!  
Ye beacon's of aspiring youth!  
What are ye all to virtue's ray?  
What are ye to the sun of truth?  
A thorn is in the sweetest rose,  
A serpent writhes in every cup,  
But Wisdom's joys are free from woes  
And Heaven rewards the good man's hope.  
Throw then these worthless toys away,  
Badges of mental dotage all;  
Walk in Religion's peaceful way  
And crowd the path to Wisdom's hall.  
So shall, a self approving mind  
The sustenance of God be given,  
Then earthly quiet shalt thou find  
And an immortal crown in Heaven.

MORINEL.

For the Rural Repository.

### TO POLAND.

The red blaze of war o'er thy plains now is streaming,  
And Muscovy's power would thy bold sons enslave,  
But Liberty's star is again o'er thee beaming,  
There's hope for thee yet, for the injured and brave.  
Fair Freedom looks out from her cave in the mountains,  
And Victory sits, throned on the brow of the fight,  
Thy glories gush forth from their long hidden fountains,  
And day-beams are cheering oppression's dark night.  
Strike, strike then the blow that from thralldom shall free  
thee,  
And own a proud foe for thy master no more,  
But let the wide world with her sympathies see thee,  
Fast anchored along by fair Liberty's shore.  
The war-god along thy fair fields now is flying,  
The Kalmuck and Tartar are spread o'er the plain,  
The shrieks of thy maidens, the groans of the dying,  
Call on thee to battle, to battle—again.  
Arouse thee, arouse thee, thy bonds now dis sever,  
If blood be the price, yet thy liberties save,  
Or freedom will leave thee, and leave thee forever,  
Again wilt thou sink in oppression's dark grave.

OSMAR.

The following lines possess much merit—taste and feeling pervade each stanza. They were addressed to a Boy, three years of age.—*Eds. N. Y. Mercantile Ad.*

Come hither to my side my boy,  
And look up in my face,  
That I may on thy youthful brow  
Thy future fortunes trace.  
Nay, smile not, or that dimpled cheek  
Will rob my spell of power—  
As dew drops hide the secret worm  
That feeds upon the flower.

Those laughing eyes would cheat me, too,  
To think thy happy lot  
Was cast in some bright fairy land  
Where clouds and storms come not.  
And hush that little heart of thine,  
That throbs with mirth and joy—  
Dost think 'twill never feel a pain,  
My fair and happy boy?

But smile again—I'd rather see  
That bright and sunny brow,  
Without a cloud to hide the joy  
That sparkled there just now.

I would not rob that little breast  
Of one glad hour of mirth,  
To tell thee of the cares and pains  
That visit all of earth.

'Tis past—and all is bright again  
Upon that happy brow;  
'Twas but a shadow of the gloom  
That dwelt on mine but now.

Go forth—and let thy merry laugh  
Ring loud upon my ear—  
Keep but thy heart its purity,  
Thy sky will still be clear.

Go forth—but trust not to the world?  
'Tis ever false, though fair;  
But lift thine eyes above, my boy,  
And look for guidance there.

### JUNE.

Now have young April and the blue-ey'd May  
Vanish'd awhile, and lo! the glorious June  
(While nature ripens in his burning noon)  
Comes like a young inheritor; and gay,  
Although his parent months have pass'd away:  
But his green crown shall wither, and the tune  
That usher'd in his birth be silent soon,  
And in the strength of youth shall he decay.  
What matters this—so long as in the past  
And in the days to come we live, and feel  
The present nothing worth, until it steal  
Away, and like a disappointment die?  
For joy, dim child of Hope and Memory  
Flies ever on before or follows fast.

## ENIGMAS.

Answer to the PUZZLES in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Stone.

PUZZLE II.—To-Day.

### NEW PUZZLES.

I.

I am a word of seven letters; I am to be met in every county and state; my 1st, 2d, 3d and 4th is a truth; my 6th 2d and 4th is the name of a despised animal; my 3d, 2d and 4th is the name of a useful animal; my 1st, 5th, 6th and 4th is a place of safety in war; my 4th, 5th, 6th and 7th is a name of a party in the revolutionary war.

II.

Why is a man disappointed in obtaining a kiss, like a shipwrecked fisherman?

### WANTED,

A smart, active lad, about 15 or 16 years of age, to serve as an apprentice to the Printing Business. One that has a good education, and can come well recommended will meet with good encouragement by inquiring at this office.

## RURAL REPOSITORY,

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All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.